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Francis J. Van Antwerp

Monsignor Van Antwerp

✠

A MEMORIAL

✠

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS FAMILY, A BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS LIFE, HIS FUNERAL AND HIS MONTH'S MIND, TOGETHER WITH RECOLLECTIONS AND APPRECIATIONS OF HIS CAREER AND TRIBUTES TO HIS MEMORY.

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Offered As a Token of Undying Affection and Gratitude By

FRANCIS F. VAN ANTWERP
AND
CHARLES W. HEATH

✠

1930
PRIVATELY PRINTED

"Death Comes to 'Father Van'"

Out on Woodward avenue today where the hurly-burly of twentieth century civilization surges by in all its clamorous thoughtlessness, the rugged beauty of an old Norman tower stops the way—relic of the golden age of chivalry and faith. Sable pennants will flutter soberly there in the summer air tonight, mute evidence that the "happy Warrior," whose chivalric spirit but yesterday held this outpost for the King of Kings, has planted his standard upon the battlements of Heaven.

Far above the sable pennants on the very pinnacle of the tower, there will gleam in the moonlight tonight the golden image of this happy Warrior's Lady Fair, the Queen-Mother of his Liege Lord—the image of her to whom he paid his devoir with all the gallantry of his chaste heart through three score years and ten of courtly service.

Here beyond the poet's dream was the "happy Warrior that every man in arms should wish to be." Here was

" . . . the generous Spirit, who, when brought
"Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
"Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:
"Whose high endeavors are an inward light
"That makes the path before him always bright.
. . . .
"And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
"His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
"This is the happy Warrior; this is he
"Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

How heavy is the weight of grief ten times ten thousand hearts support today, bereaved of him who so admirably realized St. Paul's ideal of "all things to all men." And yet, there is comfort, too, for it is not mere fancy that hears his voice whispering out of the clouds of Heaven the very words of St. Paul . . . "he, who hath begun a good work in you, will perfect it unto the day of Christ Jesus; as it is meet for me to think this for you all: for that I have you in my heart; and that in my bonds, and in the defence, and confirmation of the gospel, you all are partakers of my joy. For God is my witness, how I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ. And this I pray, that your charity may more and more abound in knowledge, and in all understanding: that you may approve the better things, that you may be sincere and without offence unto the day of Christ, filled with the fruit of justice through Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God." (Phil. i. 6-11.)

—Written by an old "Rosary boy."

The Van Antwerp Family

The Dutch Origin of the Van Antwerp family is sufficiently indicated by the name which, in its earlier form, Van Antwerpen, suggests that it was applied to some ancestor as a cognomen to identify him as "from the wharf." If, as is quite possible, the family originally lived in the great sea-port of Antwerp, the port par excellence of the Low Countries, it would quite naturally have been applied to them when they settled in the town of Eindhoven, away from the sea. Eindhoven is a town of the Duchy of Brabant, in what is now Holland, not more than an hour's journey by rail from Antwerp. It is not known just when they took up their residence in Eindhoven but it was from there that the first of the name came to America early in the 17th century.

Both the Brabant and the Flanders branches of the family were armigerous. That is, they were entitled to display a coat of arms and, consequently, they were of knightly rank although not necessarily noble in the strict sense of the word. The arms of the Brabant family, with which we are concerned, suggest the influence of Spanish heraldry (Argent, three *cremaillères* in fess sable) and probably belong to the Spanish period of Dutch history which dates from the middle of the 16th century. The *cremaillères,* or pot-hangers, bear an analogy to the cooking-pots so frequent in Spanish heraldry. They indicated the ability of the family to offer constant hospitality and are found in the arms of the families of St. Ignatius (Loyola) and of St. Dominic (Guzman). No one who knew the late Monsignor Van Antwerp, or, for that matter, his father before him, would be disposed to deny that they carried out the traditions of the family regarding prodigal hospitality.

In 1614 the first Dutch settlements were made on Manhattan Island and up the Hudson River. Some time between that date and 1635 Jan Van Antwerpen came to the New World for in 1635 his son Daniel Janse (son of John) was born, probably near Schenectady. He married Maritje Groot, daughter of Symon Groot and Rebecca de Trieux and by her had a son also named Daniel. This Daniel, in his turn, married

Ariaantje Veeder and by her had a son named Gerrit, born in 1714. Gerrit married Maria Yates and by her had a son named Daniel, born in 1747. Daniel married Dirke Winne. From this marriage the family was known for a time as Winne Van Antwerpen. A son of this marriage named Willem, born in 1770, removed to Pennsylvania and later to Detroit. It was his son Francis, born in 1804, who was the progenitor of the family so well known in Detroit for the past hundred years.

Francis Van Antwerp, the family name having been by this time simplified to its present form, was married in 1830 by Fr. Gabriel Richard at Old St. Anne's Church, to Pauline Vernier dit Ladouceur. Of this union there were born four children: Francis (born 1831) married at SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral, by Fr. Hennaert, V. G., Feb. 1st, 1855, to Mary Elizabeth Gore; Catherine (born 1832) married Rufus Kirby; Charles Francis (born 1835) married Catherine Edesse Belair; and Michael John (born 1836) married Madeleine Thibault.

Of Francis and his wife, Mary Gore, there were born six children: Eugene Charles (born 1855) married Cecilia Renaud; Francis Joseph (born Apr. 22nd, 1858) ordained priest May 6th, 1881; Arthur Patrick (born 1860) entered the Society of Jesus; Michael Gore (born 1863) married Elizabeth Brodel; Pauline Mary (born 1866) became a Religious of the Sacred Heart; Elizabeth (born 1868) married Thomas Lynch. Of these only two are still living: Michael Gore and Mother Pauline Van Antwerp.

To Eugene Van Antwerp and his wife, Cecilia Renaud, were born ten children: Mary Cecilia, now a Religious of the Good Shepherd at Los Angeles, California; Francis Frieden, pastor of St. Vincent's, Pontiac, Mich.; Eugene I., married to Frances McDevitt; Arthur J., married to Borah Ronan; Virginia and Agnes, both of whom died in infancy; Thomas J., married to Helen Conners; Anna M., a Religious of the Sacred Heart at Grosse Pointe; George L., married to Bernadette Lutmer; and Cecilia M., living at home with her widowed mother.

Of the marriage of Eugene I. Van Antwerp and Frances McDevitt there have been born ten children, the eldest son being named Eugene and representing the sixth generation of Van Antwerps in Detroit and the 12th generation in America.

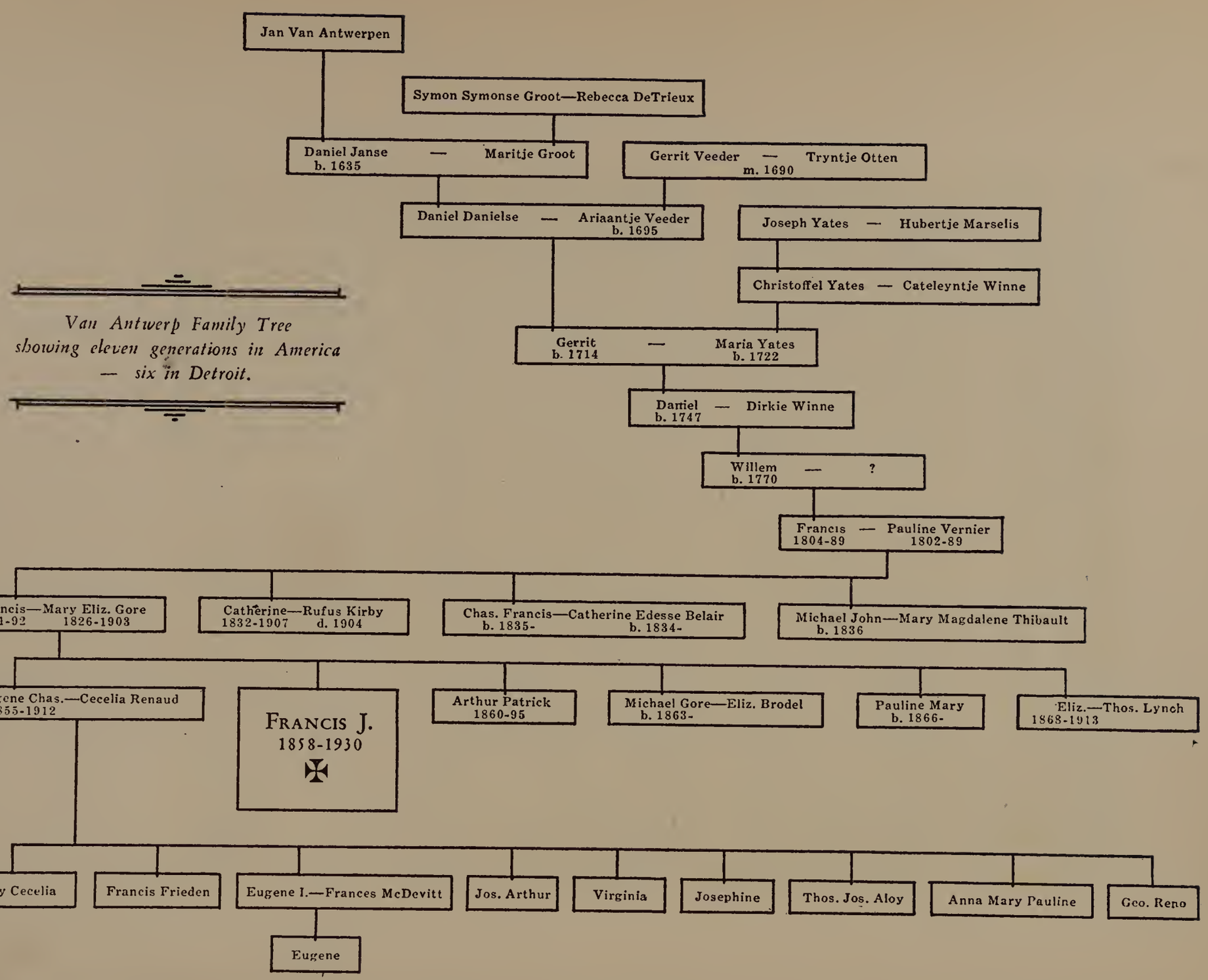
Of the marriage of the youngest daughter of Francis and Mary Gore Van Antwerp, Elizabeth, who married Thomas Lynch, there survive two sons: Francis, a student for the priesthood, and Arthur Patrick.

Arthur J. Van Antwerp has six surviving children and George Van Antwerp, two.

Of the various families allied to the Van Antwerps by marriage it may be of interest to note the following. Pauline Vernier (born 1802-died 1889) who married Francis Van Antwerp in 1830, was the descendant of John Vernier and his wife, Catherine Bernai, who resided in the parish of Clai, diocese of Grenoble, France. Their son, Laurent dit La Douceur, born at the old home in France in 1740, came to Canada and married at St. Laurent, Montreal, January 11th, 1762, Mary Catherine Bouin dit Dufresne, born in 1746, daughter of Francis Bouin and Mary Margaret Minguy dit La Chaussee. Their son, John Baptist, married Catherine Billou. They were the parents of Pauline Vernier.

Mary Elizabeth Gore, who married Francis Van Antwerp in 1855 was born in County Clare, Ireland, in the old homestead at Deer Park near Quin Abbey. Her father was Arthur Gore and her mother Elizabeth Fahey. Her maternal uncle, Bishop MacMahon, was Bishop of Killaloe and a first cousin of Marshal MacMahon, the first President of the French Republic. When Mary Gore was only four years of age, her parents came to America and settled on a farm near Trenton, Mich. Later, after the death of her mother, the family moved to Detroit and took a little house on St. Antoine Street opposite the Jesuit Church. After her marriage to Francis Van Antwerp she lived the remainder of her life in the family home on Congress St., dying in 1903 at the age of 78.

Charles W. Heath,
Thomas J. Collins.



Van Antwerp Family Tree showing eleven generations in America — six in Detroit.

Biographical Sketch

A GENERATION which has now almost entirely passed away would remember the Van Antwerp family as already well known and deservedly respected in Detroit. Even in the middle years of the last century the Van Antwerps could count two generations resident in or near the city. Francis Van Antwerp, second of the name, had married Mary Gore and was rearing a new generation to carry on the family tradition. In those days when Grand Circus Park marked the northern limits of Detroit, then a city of less than 50,000 population, Congress Street was a desirable residence section and in a house still standing on that street just east of Rivard Street, the third Francis Van Antwerp was born on April 22nd, 1858. He was baptized by Father Hennaert, Vicar General of the diocese, in the old cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul (now the Jesuit Church) on Jefferson Avenue, hardly a stone's throw from the house where he was born. Fr. Hennaert had married his father and mother in that same church in 1855.

Education. Francis received his early education at the old Christian Brothers' Academy, now St. Mary's Parochial School, on Monroe Avenue near St. Antoine Street. The school at that time is said to have numbered about twelve hundred students. In 1871, when he was between twelve and thirteen years of age, he entered Assumption College at Sandwich, Ontario, and was graduated from there in 1876. In the autumn of that year he entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Maryland, where he studied Philosophy and Theology. Having completed his studies in 1880, he was too young for ordination and was obliged to wait for nearly a year. On May 6th, 1881, having reached the required age, he was ordained priest by Bishop Borgess in the chapel of Assumption College, Sandwich.

Early Charges. On the day of his ordination, Father Van Antwerp was appointed pastor of St. Rose's Parish and Missions at Hastings, Michigan. Here he had experience of missionary work, travelling through the whole of Barry, Eaton and Allegan Counties and part of Kent County on his parochial errands. After about a year he was transferred to St. Paul's parish, Grosse Pointe, where he succeeded the venerable Father

Debroux who had been pastor there for thirty-three years. After three years at Grosse Pointe, he was sent to Battle Creek for another three years.

Rosary Parish. With Father Van Antwerp's commission from Bishop Foley to found a new parish in the northern part of Detroit, began what we may consider his life work. From July 1st, 1889, when he inaugurated the parish of Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary, until his death nearly forty-one years later, he was to "live and move and have his being" in and for that beloved "Rosary" which was the very apple of his eye. Probably no parish priest in the whole country was better known than "Father Van." Not only the importance of his parish in later years but chiefly his priestly character—he was the ideal parish-priest—made him known and loved far beyond the confines of his parish and his city and throughout the land.

Foundation of Rosary Parish. In 1889 the "north-end" of Detroit was sparsely settled. The horse-car line on Woodward Avenue stopped almost at the door of the church. Beyond the Boulevard was open country dotted with farms. Harper Avenue was a muddy road. The territory allotted to the new parish was extensive. Beginning at Forest Avenue on the south where it joined limits with St. Patrick's Parish, it reached as far as Pontiac on the north. From Trumbull Avenue on the west it extended to Dubois Street on the east. Parish visiting had to be done on foot or by horse and buggy. Street cars were few and there were no cross-town lines. Colonel John Atkinson, at that time Detroit's leading jurist, presented Father Van with his first horse and carriage and later Charles Robertson, one of the few surviving "charter-members" of Rosary, gave him the grey mare so familiar to the people of the parish in those days as she carried the beloved priest on his daily round of duty. Those early days at Rosary were days of privation and hard work. Starting literally with nothing, in a few years Father Van Antwerp had created a model parish. The first Mass was said in the Barnes' home, a frame house on the south side of Harper Avenue just east of Woodward, which was to be for nearly twenty years the rectory. A temporary altar was built of barrels and planks with another barrel used as a credence table, the two structures being covered with sheets.

Two simple candlesticks and a crucifix given by Our Lady of Help Parish were the sole furnishings. The altar stood in the "bay window." Not more than thirty people attended the first service.

The First Church. By October 6th, feast of the Rosary, a frame church had been built beside the house at a cost of about $2,000. Bishop Foley blessed the church on that day and a Solemn High Mass *coram episcopo* was celebrated by Fathers Coyle, Coté and Haydon. Dr. Reilly preached the sermon. The old announcement books, which, by the way, make interesting reading, tell of prayers asked for the repose of the souls of Father Van's grandfather and grandmother who died within a few days of each other just at this time. An idea of the financial resources of the new parish may be gleaned from the report of the first sixteen months, July 1889 to December 1890, which show gross receipts of about $5,000, for those days a remarkable sum to have been collected among the few parishioners.

Growth. The parish grew rapidly in numbers and by the end of 1891 an enlargement of the church was necessary. A brick front and addition was completed and blessed in that year making the seating capacity of the church about seven hundred. It was in the preceding summer that Father Van inaugurated the series of pilgrimages to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré which were to be for many years an almost annual feature of his priestly activity. So the parish grew and prospered for a few years until in 1895 one priest was no longer sufficient and the Rev. Joseph Kraemer was appointed assistant priest to Father Van Antwerp. He remained for about a year and was succeeded by the Rev. Paul Williams who, after another year, was succeeded in his turn by Rev. Daniel P. Coyle. Father Coyle assisted Father Van Antwerp for five years, and was replaced in 1902 by Rev. Edward J. Kromenaker who remained at Rosary until June, 1903.

Parochial School. So zealous a pastor as Father Van could not fail to take a lively interest in the religious education of his people. By 1903 he decided that it was possible to build and support a parish school. Ground was broken on St. Joseph's Day, March 19th, 1903, at the rear of the lot on which the rectory stood. On May 21st, Feast of the Ascension, Bishop Foley laid the corner-stone of the new school. On September

13th classes were begun temporarily in what had been the Thompson Memorial Church, a frame building just east of the church, which had been bought some ten years previously for use as a parish hall. Six Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary from Monroe with Sr. Imelda as Superior were in charge of the school. On January 6th, 1904 the school building was completed and classes transferred there leaving the ex-protestant church for use as a convent. The new school was solemnly blessed by Bishop Foley on January 24th.

The New Church. In 1907 even the enlarged church was found to be inadequate for the rapidly growing parish and Father Van Antwerp was forced to consider the feasibility of building a new and more commodious building. By a fortunate coincidence, St. Joseph's Episcopal Church at the north-east corner of Medbury and Woodward Avenues was offered for sale by its congregation, forced by the proximity of the new St. Paul's Cathedral to move farther north. Father Van was able to purchase the church and chapel for the proverbial song—less than $20,000. The fine pipe organ which had taken a prize at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 was included in the purchase price. It cost about $60,000 to enlarge the church and adapt it to Catholic uses but even so it was a great bargain. At last Rosary Parish had a dignified and adequate home. It was not without regret that pastor and people abandoned the old church on Harper Avenue which had witnessed their early struggles and successes and was the result of so many sacrifices. It was simple but had its attractiveness and was beloved for its many holy associations and memories.

In the same year Father Van Antwerp acquired the handsome residence of William Reid across Medbury Avenue from the church for use as a rectory. The last important event at the old church was the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of Father Van—twenty-five years a priest. As a matter of fact it was almost by a miracle that he celebrated that jubilee. In 1905 the small-pox was epidemic in Detroit and Father Van was one of its victims. He visited the pest-house daily and seemed to be immune for a time but one day he was told of a negro—a protestant—who wished to see a minister of religion. Needless to say, Father Van Antwerp offered his services. He instructed the poor man, received him

into the church and soothed his last moments. Then he went home and fell ill of the disease. His life was despaired of and the whole city mourned—but he survived to visit many another small-pox patient in the years that followed. It was only one more instance of his unfailing charity and priestly zeal.

It was in this same year that there was established in Rosary Parish an institution which was always very dear to Father Van's heart. On his invitation the Dominican Nuns of the Second Order made a foundation in a large house on Woodward Avenue near Palmer, formerly the property of the Murphy family. Perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is their principal work and Father Van Antwerp looked for great blessings on the parish from this work of prayer in its midst. In this he was not disappointed for the parish continued to prosper. He remained the spiritual director of the nuns even after they removed to the fine Monastery which they built on Oakland Avenue and Boston Boulevard—in fact he was their ecclesiastical superior up to the time of his death.

New Buildings. In 1912 a commodious double house on Medbury Avenue just east of the rectory was acquired as a convent for the sisters and in 1914 a fine High School and Gymnasium was built on the site of the original church on Harper Avenue. By this time there were more than twenty sisters teaching in the schools and the pupils numbered about 1300. Later on, in 1921 another house, called Rosary Annex, was bought and used for the classes in music, and also for meetings of the various societies of the parish.

Honors. In the latter years of his life honors came thick and fast upon Father Van Antwerp. In 1914 the University of Notre Dame conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws, *honoris causa,* thus recognizing his merits as a scholar. This was followed in 1918 by the Doctorate of Sacred Theology which he received from St. Mary's University, Baltimore. On July 18th, 1918 Pope Benedict XV created him Domestic Prelate with the title of Monsignor and Pope Pius XI, on the 19th of April, 1923, promoted him to the rank of Prothonotary Apostolic *ad instar,* the highest rank of prelates, carrying with it the use of ponti-

ficals and the privilege of a portable altar. The advantage of this privilege is that the prelate who enjoys it may set up a temporary altar and celebrate Mass in any place.

Already in 1903 Father Van Antwerp had been chosen to carry to Pope Leo XII the Golden Scroll of American catholics on the occasion of his jubilee. At the same time he presented to the Holy Father President Roosevelt's greetings and congratulations. President Roosevelt gave him also an autographed photograph which he always treasured. The Pioneer Historical Society of Michigan conferred on him an Honorary Life Membership in 1917 and he was made a Fellow of the American Geographical Society in 1925. He was also member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Department of Botany and Chaplain of the Detroit Council of the Knights of Columbus.

Diocesan Charges. With the appointment of the Right Reverend Michael J. Gallagher as Bishop of Detroit in 1918, a wider field opened out for Monsignor Van Antwerp's activities. Almost at once, Bishop Gallagher appointed him acting Vicar General and upon the death of Monsignor Dempsey he was formally installed in that office which he held up to the time of his death. He was a Diocesan Consultor, President of the Board of Examiners of the Clergy, President of the Diocesan School Board and Diocesan Director of the Association of the Holy Childhood. Monsignor Van Antwerp was one of the Founders of the Church Extension Society as well as a Founder of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington.

Preacher and Editor. On account of Monsignor Van Antwerp's splendid oratorical gifts he was much in demand as a preacher on special occasions. For many years he gave retreats to the clergy of various dioceses from Cincinnati to Toronto. For thirty three consecutive years he preached the retreat to the students of Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario—surely a record. He was sought after as a speaker at banquets and other festive occasions both civic and ecclesiastical. For many years he was Editor of the diocesan paper—in those days called "The Angelus." Both as managing editor and as a writer he was singularly successful.

Spiritual Director. As a confessor and spiritual director Monsignor Van Antwerp was unexcelled. His advice in matters of conscience was sought by all sorts and conditions of men and women. Especially was he noted for his direction of religious and ecclesiastical vocations. More than fifty priests—living and dead—owe their vocations to his fatherly interest. For the last four or five years he was Spiritual Director to the students of the Sacred Heart Seminary in Detroit. He was the confessor of many of the clergy and his confessional was besieged by the laity. The good which he was able to effect in this way is of course imponderable but his popularity as a director bears witness to his skill and devotion in this supreme work of the priest.

Last Illness and Death. For the last five or six years it was noticed with much sorrow that Monsignor Van Antwerp's health was failing. All his life, owing probably to his inherited robust constitution, he was unusually vigorous and energetic. In spite of one or two very serious illnesses his health seemed unimpaired. In December, 1924, he underwent an operation for mastoid abscess and made a good recovery. In February 1926 he was struck by an automobile and seriously injured. From this accident he never completely recovered although he was able to take a trip to Europe in the following summer. It was to be the last of his many European trips. From this time his strength and energy seemed to be exhausted and he began to fail. In June of the present year he was found to be suffering from an internal malignant growth. An operation was deemed necessary and he submitted to this decision with his customary courage and cheerfulness.

After the operation, which took place at Providence Hospital on June 17, his condition was satisfactory for a day or two but on the third day he began to sink and never rallied. On the same day, Friday, he received the last sacraments from his nephew Rev. Francis F. Van Antwerp with great piety and resignation. He was especially consoled by a cablegram from Cardinal Pacelli, Secretary of State, conveying the Pope's blessing.

On Sunday evening about eight o'clock he spoke his last words. They were characteristic of his whole life. To his life-long friend and

physician, who made an attempt to rouse him from the lethargy which was almost like death, he whispered his final admonition. The words were typical of the man—the priest above all else: "Have you been to confession?" It was the ruling passion—zeal for souls—strong in death. He gave no further sign of consciousness.

About four o'clock on Wednesday morning, June 25th, he was seen to be dying. The prayers for a departing soul were recited by Father Francis Van Antwerp. At his bedside were also Father Heath, Sisters Olympia and Regis and his nurse. At ten minutes after five o'clock he ceased to breathe. His passing was peaceful as had been his life.

So entered into eternal rest a man after God's own heart. His work was done and God called him to his reward. Peacefully, without great suffering or long delay, the end of a busy life came almost within the allotted span. It was as he himself would have wished. Those who knew him well may well give thanks that death came as it did. His life was in the main a happy one; all his days he did the work he loved. He saw his undertakings prosper; he had no great sorrows nor disappointments. He was beloved by all who knew him, honored by the Church he served so well; trusted by his superiors; respected by his confreres and admired by his fellow-citizens. What more could one ask for him than that he enjoy the ineffable happiness of Paradise. May he rest in everlasting peace.

CHARLES W. HEATH.

FRANCIS J. VAN ANTWERP: *As a College Boy—As a Seminarian—As Pastor of Rosary Church—As Doctor of Laws—As a Prothonotary Apostolic*

The Funeral

It Was a Solemn moment when the friends of Monsignor Van Antwerp visited Holy Rosary Rectory to see him in death. Silence pervaded the rooms. An essential something was missing. The soul of the pastor and friend was gone.

Soon a priest began the rosary and men and women of every rank in life knelt. Until late in the night the multitude of the Monsignor's friends came. Among them there was scarcely one who had not benefitted by his kindliness, counsel, charity or the helpfulness of his example. Among the mourners the spirit of despairing grief had given way to the almost joyful sadness that a belief in the soul's immortality inspires. They knew with the knowledge of faith that here indeed was life rewarded, not life taken away. The shepherd had been eternally reunited to his sheep.

"How long, O Lord, to wait
Beside the open gate?
My sheep with many a lamb have passed in
And I am alone and it is late."

Then, on the next afternoon, the priests, whom his guidance and encouragement had led to the altar, bore him tenderly to the church to lie in state until the hour of the Solemn Requiem Mass. The faithful in endless procession passed his bier drawn by admiration and gratitude to pay homage to his memory. Impressive were the incidents of these few hours. A seminarian with whom Father Van had shared the vision of the glory of the priesthood wept unashamed. Humble Christians pressed their rosaries to the anointed hand, confident that there was virtue in that touch. In the line walked his spiritual leader unnoticed.

Throughout the night the men of the parish kept vigil. From early morning many priests chasubled in black stood where he had once celebrated the great Sacrifice. The faithful came to the altar to receive the Blessed Christ and to beg of Him mercy for their pastor.

Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock for the members of the parish and the children. At ten o'clock the archbishops, bishops, monsignori

and the clergy, leaving the rectory, slowly wended their way through the throngs of people to the church.

The Mass of the Dead began. Clothed in the trappings of mourning the ministers appeared at the altar of Sacrifice. Bending low they recited the beautiful versicles and the sublime confession which reminded them that "this sentence (of death) is from the Lord upon all flesh" (Ecclus. xli. 5). Then the celebrant ascended the steps and turned to the Book that is clothed in black. Slowly, softly, prayerfully, he read the words of liturgy: "Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord: and let perpetual light shine upon them." Then back to the center of the altar he went to beg Christ, his Lord, for mercy in the Kyrie eleison.

The choir had taken up the plea, "Kyrie eleison—Lord, have mercy." The chant of the Oration fell, a rain of hope, upon the ears of them that heard. "Deliver them not into the hands of the enemy, nor forget them forever, but command that they be taken by the hands of the holy Angels to Paradise, their true country." Thus prayed the mitred celebrant.

Now words of assurance answered the previous petitions. Christ spoke through St. Paul: "We will not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful even as others who have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them who have slept through Jesus, God will bring with Him (to Paradise)" (Thess. iv. 12, 13). So we were consoled with these words.

Again as the Bishop read the Gradual, the theme of the Mass was echoed: "Eternal rest unto them, Lord." Hope is compassed by charity. The words of the Tract sounded forth: "Absolve, O Lord, the souls of all the faithful departed." Then a mighty voice echoed from the medieval past. The "Dies Irae," the battle cry of the warrior whose "sun is gone down while it was yet day" (Jer. xv. 9).

The Sequence done, the deacon chanted the Gospel. They are the precious words of him who leaned on the breast of Jesus. We listen to the tones of the chanter and are borne back to Bethany. Mary, Martha, a house so recently the house of death—all come before us with the changing notes of the Sacred Story.

The Church in her plain chant has certain musical phrasings sacred to the words of Christ. The hearer marks the difference. Christ's thoughts are not confused with narrative. They are treasured in a different key. Not the high pitch of exultation—not the deep tones of dirge—but the even middle register that is serene, hope-inspiring, majestic.

Words of the Offertory painted a scene mightier than Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." Archangel Michael, bearing aloft the standard of the Redemption—the Cross—is commissioned to lead into the Holy Light souls ransomed by prayer—their sins expiated through the orisons, the Masses offered for them by the living. With measured movements, as if by some Unseen Hand directed, the ministers trod the altar of proposition. Water poured on chaliced wine. A censor wafted sweet odors toward the Mercy-Seat. Again, stillness. Then a short prayer, the Secret. Immediately the Preface, the Song of Hope, was begun. Its theme, the theme of consolation. It is a song whose tones are not plaintive threnodies but inspirations—prophetic notes—imbuing all with the thrill of life—life eternal, Heavenly birth, God Himself possessed forever. Seemingly the Sacred Canon has no thoughts of death. But read it carefully. There is a prayer, the "Commemoration of the Living," which occurs early in the Holy Scene. The priest prays for relatives, friends, for the well-being of the living. Then when Christ is just a few moments nearer the Sacred Host—as yet but bread—then comes the plea—"for the redemption of our souls, for the hope of salvation, and for our safety."

Great souls, then, are held for our example. Mary, who knew death as none other could know it, Peter, Paul, Lawrence. The Sacred Moment, the Gem of the day, draws closer. The Church, sensing the Divine Tragedy, became more hushed. A candle flame trembled just a bit. The flowers massed on the side altars drooped in genuflection. A herald wind psalmed forth: "Lift up your gates, O ye princes, and be lifted up, O eternal gates: and the King of Glory shall enter in" (Ps. xxiii. 7). Nearer the coming of Christ. More intimate the words of the priest. More beseeching his prayers. "Make our days peaceful; snatch us from eternal damnation, number us among the chosen ones." Then a few words—

the re-telling of that Cenacle story, the words of Christ. The King had come!

There was a prayer for the Living. Early in the Canon it was worded to God. But prayed before God had come to the bread. Now Christ is on the altar. The supreme moment had passed. The King granting audience to his suppliants. And the nearest commemoration—the first formal petition presented to Him by His minister—a prayer begging for the welfare of our dead.

The "Pater Noster" was sung. The Canon moved toward the end. "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, grant them rest." Three times this plaint was said. To the Last "Agnus Dei" was added the word "eternal." Then two petitions before the Communion—two prayers that asked for eternal union with Jesus. "O, Lord, I am not worthy," thrice said the Bishop. And the last thought presented to Christ before He enters the heart of the Bishop were words of solicitude for eternity. "May the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ guard my soul into eternal life."

It was ended. Christ had come, had gone. Now the silent moment of thanks, the short prayers that are husks to the gratitude that cannot be spoken.

The Communion prayer resumed the strain of the Introit—eternal rest for the dead. The Preface had the phrase, "life is changed, not snatched away." The thought was woven through the hope-gilded threads that make the Post Communion. The "Requiescat" assured the mourners: "Weep but a little for the dead, for he is at rest" (Eccles. xxii. 11). The Gospel of St. John held forth to the one wrapt in anguish a picture of That Other One Whose bequest from the Cross was the hope of life eternal. It limned in fiery colors the scene that some day we shall all know—God, the Saints, our loved ones—eternity.

The Mass had ended. Around the dead stand the ministers. "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord, for in Thy sight shall no man be justified." That was the oration that began the Absolution. The hymn that followed is another plea, the chanted longings of the mourn-

ers. And so throughout the blessing the prayers of the Mass were echoed and re-echoed. St. Paul has summed up "Requiem"—the Mass and the Absolution—in the words: "If our earthly house of this habitation be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in heaven" (II Cor. v. 1).

Silence descended upon the great concourse of people. The Shepherd of the Holy Church of Detroit began to speak. He voiced the sorrow of prelates, priests and people in the passing of Monsignor Van Antwerp. He called him a "unique priest," a "dispenser of hospitality," an "ideal pastor." Thus did Bishop Gallagher pay tribute to his faithful co-laborer and Vicar General.

Then again silence. With measured tread the priests filed out. Among them was the elderly Fr. Aboulin, C. S. B., over sixty years a priest, whose efforts in establishing the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at Washington were encouraged from the start by Monsignor Van Antwerp.

Then the prelates passed in procession out of the church. Six nephews carried the remains of Monsignor to the waiting hearse.

Upon its arrival at the cemetery the cortege was met by a crowd of people. Such was their devotion to the Monsignor that, knowing they would find no room at the church they desired to pay their homage at least at his grave.

Gathered in the priest's circle of the cemetery they heard the Church's last benediction pronounced by the Monsignor's nephew, and saw the casket slowly lowered into the grave.

In his place of last repose he lies beside the earthly remains of Bishop Foley, and near him "sleep in the Lord," many priests of the diocese, his erstwhile friends who are now his companions in death.

Monsignor Van Antwerp's memory will remain . . .

"A swinging wicket set between
The Unseen and the Seen."

VINCENT F. KIENBERGER, O. P.

Bishop Gallagher's Sermon

At The Close of the Pontifical Requiem Mass, which he himself had celebrated, The Right Reverend Michael J. Gallagher, Bishop of Detroit, pronounced the Eulogy. His Lordship, in a voice which at times trembled with emotion and at other moments rang through the crowded church, addressed the assembled prelates, priests and people in these words: Your Grace, Right Reverend Bishops, Monsignori, Reverend Fathers, Venerable Sisters and Beloved Brethren: Sorrow has fallen upon us all. It is a sad duty that is incumbent upon me today—to pay the last tribute of affection and honor to my beloved Vicar General, my counsellor and my friend. St. Paul tells us: "Be not sorrowful as those who have no hope." Our sorrow, therefore, is not the sorrow of despair for our hope is in a glorious resurrection. Monsignor Van Antwerp was a unique priest in our diocese; he stands out alone in the multiplicity of his good deeds. His love was as universal as Christ's. No appeal, whatever the creed, the race or the class of the petitioner, went unheeded. He was a most distinguished member of the clergy, a great preacher, a mighty leader of men. His memory will live.

Practically all of his priestly life was spent in one parish. In his genuine apostolic zeal for the work of the priesthood he might well be a model, an ideal for all pastors. He was always at home attending to the particular portion of the Vineyard to which he had been assigned by the Bishop. No further evidence of the veneration and love in which he was held is needed than the vast throng gathered here today to do him honor. For forty long years he labored in this parish; he knew all his people; loved them all; understood and sympathized with every need and every weakness. Only God knows how many thousand souls are now enjoying that "peace which passeth all understanding" thanks to the devoted labors of this good priest, this faithful shepherd. One calling at the Rectory, as I often did, in the evening, would find the good Monsignor reading his breviary in the garden, or perhaps in the church, paying a visit of prayer and meditation to the Lord he loved and served so well. Sometimes he would be found walking up and down outside the rectory, saying his rosary—a daily tribute he never missed to the Blessed Mother. This

he did not do to make a show of piety. It was a matter of principle to him throughout his life. He was an inspiration and an example to the younger priests and a refuge to them in their trials.

Especially was he always loyal to his Bishop. Nor was this solely or even principally on account of his affection for the person of his superior, but because he always saw in the Bishop the one appointed by the Holy Spirit "to rule the church of God" and who therefore was entitled to his loyal and undivided service. He ever remembered the day, long years ago, when the bishop who ordained him to the priesthood took his hands within his own and asked: "Dost thou promise to me and to my successors reverence and obedience?" He replied: "I promise," and that promise he kept in the letter and in the spirit. Personally, therefore, I feel a great loss in his passing. He was almost the only priest whom I knew when I came to Detroit as its Bishop and in all things I found him reliable and absolutely unselfish. For years there was a close friendship between us and it grew closer with the passing of the years. Nor did my confidence in his sound judgment and in his disinterestedness ever grow less.

Were I asked to single out his outstanding virtue, I should be inclined to say that it was his generosity. He was generous to a fault: generous of his time and his sympathy and his labor, prodigal with the goods of this world. He inherited a patrimony. He gave it all away. He founded burses at Baltimore Seminary, his Alma Mater, for the education of students for the priesthood. That was one of the outstanding characteristics of his life—his interest in the training of young priests for God's work and his zeal is fostering vocations. There are more than fifty priests who received encouragement and financial assistance from him—many of them owed to his fatherly interest their first impulse towards the altar. Every week he went over to our diocesan seminary and gave spiritual conferences to the students. Every week he was at their disposal for confession and guidance. For thirty-three years without a break he preached the annual retreat to the students of Assumption College in Sandwich. It is a very trying ordeal to preach retreats; nevertheless, for thirty-three years he was in the same place because the superiors realized how beneficial to the students were his lectures and his

advice. He also gave retreats at the seminaries of Baltimore and Cincinnati and he was always invited to return.

Of his manner of life hospitality was the key-note. St. Paul tells us that bishops must be hospitable men. The Monsignor's home was open house to the clergy and when visiting priests and prelates came to town, he insisted that they stay with him rather than go out among strangers. His house became literally a hotel and on any Sunday evening one might find ten or twelve priests at dinner with him.

Only a few weeks ago I spoke to Monsignor Van Antwerp of his Golden Jubliee to be celebrated next year. He said: "I will not live to see it." He had a premonition that he would not see his fiftieth anniversary and that premonition was fulfilled. God called this noble soul so rich in merits. He did not have to accumulate those merits in the last few years of his life. No, every year counted, every year was written in letters of gold with good deeds done every day. He was perfectly resigned and willing to go if God wanted him. "God's Holy Will be done, if my time has come," he said.

Those high in power are burdened with greater responsibility. None of us is perfect. You all know his good works, but you know also that no man is without faults. Although his every thought was good, nevertheless he must appear before the throne of God to give an account of his stewardship. We should be indeed ungrateful were we to exclude him from our prayers. Remember him in your prayers; offer Masses for the repose of his soul. Prayer is the only thank-offering you can make him for his life-time of charity. He can no longer practise the devotions that marked his life but you can pray for him and in his place. Ask that he may be speedily received into the company of the saints in heaven to receive there his exceeding great reward. The Church prays today that he may rest in everlasting peace. Do you also pray that he may enter into the joy of his Lord.

Officers of the Funeral Masses

SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS

Celebrant—Rev. Francis F. Van Antwerp.

Deacon—Rev. Charles Heath, J. C. D.

Sub-Deacon—Rev. Elmer Betzing.

Master of Ceremonies—Rev. J. T. Currier.

Censer-Bearers—Rev. Daniel Lynch and Rev. Erwin Lefebvre.

Acolytes—Rev. John J. McCarthy and Rev. Charles Wettstein.

Torch-Bearers—Rev. Clarence Dorsey; Messrs. Stanley Shafer, Fred. Delaney, Wm. Lynch, Thos. Collins, Cyril Keating, Thos. Edison, Simon Babel, Charles Burr, George Gaynor.

Low Masses at Side Altars—Rev. Wm. Rogers, Rev. Edward Hickey, Ph. D., Rev. Thos. Fallon, Rev. John Duffy.

THE PONTIFICAL MASS

Celebrant—Rt. Rev. Michael J. Gallagher, D. D.

Assistant Priest—Rt. Rev. Mgr. John M. Doyle, P. A., LL. D.

Deacon—Rev. Francis F. Van Antwerp.

Sub-Deacon—Rev. John E. Troy, V. F.

Deacons of Honor—Rev. John F. Fenlon, S. S., D. D., and Rev. Francis Pokriefka.

Master of Ceremonies—Rev. William Murphy, D. D.

Assistant—Rev. Franklin Hay.

Censer-Bearers—Rev. Clarence Doherty and Rev. Frank O'Reilly.

Acolytes—Rev. Leo S. Dorsey and Rev. John Duffy.

Torch-Bearers—Rev. Malachy Walker, Rev. Harold Kirby, Rev. Walter Hennes, Rev. Dominic Foley, Rev. Joseph McIsaac, Rev. Gerald Brinton.

Candlestick Bearer—Rev. Michael O'Reilly.

Book Bearer—Rev. Francis Stack.

Mitre Bearer—Rev. Aloysius P. Hafner.

Crozier Bearer—Rev. Victor Renaud.

Precentors—Rev. Henry Kaufman and Rev. John Vismara, D. D.

Chaplains to Archbishop McNicholas—Very Rev. V. F. Kienberger, O. P. and Rev. Michael Eardley.

Masses at Side Altars—Rev. George Reno, S. J. and Rev. James Gore.

THE MONTHS MIND MASS

Celebrant—Rt. Rev. John M. Doyle, P. A., LL. D.

Assistant Priest—Rev. Frank Stack.

Deacon—Rev. Leo S. Dorsey.

Sub-Deacon—Rev. Malachy Walker.

Master of Ceremonies—Rev. Franklin Hay.

Preacher—Very Rev. Vincent F. Kienberger, O. P.

Censer-Bearer—Rev. Joseph McIsaac.

Acolytes—Mr. Frederick Delaney and Mr. William Lynch.

Rosary Rectory

Eulogy

Eulogy pronounced at the Month's Mind Mass on July 25th by the Very Rev. Vincent Kienberger, O. P., Rector of St. Dominic's Church, Detroit.

"In famine He shall deliver thee from death, and thou shalt know that thy tabernacle is in peace. Thou shalt enter into the grave in abundance, as a heap of wheat is brought in its season." JOB V. 20.

Right Reverend Monsignor, Reverend Fathers, Venerable Sisters, Beloved Brethren:

I am one with the poet who wrote:

"He is gone, and silence takes me unaware.
. . . . . I stand as mute
As one with vigorous music in his heart
Whose fingers stray upon a shattered lute."
(POEMS OF ALICE MEYNELL: *"A Shattered Lute."*)

WE ARE HERE TODAY for three reasons. First, we have come to pray for the eternal repose of the soul of Monsignor Van Antwerp, our beloved pastor, our loving friend. We beseech God to be kindly to him now that he waits in the Sacristy of Heaven. Then, too, we have come to meditate on death. Lastly, to offer sympathy to his relatives.

We have just concluded the solemn offering of the Requiem Mass in which we have begged of the Blessed Christ this boon: that He forget not this great priest, "who came to Him early in the morning and wore out the footsteps of His doors" (Ecclus. VI. 36). We have prayed. We have besought Our Lady of the Rosary for him, her faithful beadsman. As Seamstress of Heaven may she replace the purple chasuble of penance which covered the shell of him, once our friend, with a glorious, golden cope of immortality according to the order of Melchisedech.

And now, the meditation. The deacon has just recounted the scene of death when the Blessed Master spoke words of comfort to the mour-

ners. "And Martha said to Jesus: Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. Jesus said to her: Thy brother shall rise again" (St. John, XI. 22).

At Bethany, the mystical glow was burning through the heather bush, laden with cyclamen and anemone. The mist, child of the south-west wind, masked the outlined turrets of the Holy City. Sand blown from the desert made yellow the horizon. The wind had dropped. Nor was there any sound in Bethany because Lazarus was dead.

Through a rift in the haze which enveloped the tiny hamlet like a nuptial garment, there descended a flood of sunlight upon the home which Jesus loved. Yet into that house no sunlight entered. Its shutters were closed. Silence reigned within: the silence of death. "Many of the Jews were come to Martha and Mary to comfort them concerning their brother" (St. John, XI. 19). A messenger announced that the Master was at the city gates. "Martha therefore as soon as she heard that Jesus was come, went out to meet him." She had no rebellious thoughts. She had sent word to Jesus of her brother's illness: "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick." Braver than Mary, she went to ask the Lord Jesus not to tarry, for her sister was disconsolate. "And Mary remained at home."

The Blessed Jesus came to Bethany as He came to Naim, not while life hung in the balance, not while the mourners were grouped about the precious dead, but when hope seemed vain—on the roadside that led to the tomb. Christ waited until tears had given place to resignation. Hope seemed futile when the stone had been placed upon the house of sepulture. Then He came.

While I love all the blessed words that fell from the lips of my Lord, I find one text that enshrines Himself and love for the dead: "And Jesus wept." Three words recounting a simple fact, yet opening for all humankind the treasures of that abyss of all virtues—the human, Sacred Heart of Jesus. There have been countless Bethanies since the Apostle wrote those words: "And Jesus wept." These Bethanies, our parish churches; and before the high altar, our coffined dead. Truly He comes to us on this drear occasion when death has made us sorrowful. I have often thought that one reason for the institution of the Mass was that

in the Great Sacrifice, its gamut ranging from the white vestments of joy to the black of requiem, there would be a sacrifice suited to all human emotions, but, most of all, to that most desolate emotion, the sadness of death.

Just as to the widow of Naim, just as to the bereaved sisters of Bethany, so Christ comes to us in our moments of agony. Not while the pain of separation is still numbed in our hearts, not while the relief of tears is possible, but in those cold moments when reason has returned to us, when we sit in the pews, wondering if we shall see our dead again. Then it is that Christ comes to us, clothed in the white vesture of the wheat, held aloft in priestly hands, that we may see and be comforted. He comes; He assures us that He is with us and that there is a time coming when again we shall be together—our blessed dead and ourselves. "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

And now the second point of meditation—union with God. We know that long before Monsignor saw Our Lord on the lane that led out of the portals of death, he had known the Blessed Christ in that union which we term Holy Communion. This union of the human soul and the Divine Personality of Jesus may be viewed from different angles. There is the union of affection, that close bond of friend with friend. Jesus, our Friend, assures us: "I have called you friends." A collection of the texts, treating of friendship, which illumine the sacred pages of the New Testament, would offer a writer material for a splendid gift-book entitled "Friendship." Jesus loved His friends. His delights were "to be with the children of men" (Prov. VIII. 31). "I will not now call you servants but friends" (St. John XV. 15). Sunlight, like golden beads, showered Bethany with all its lustre, making all things happy. Jesus was a friend to Bethany. He blessed it because His friends lived within its walls. "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister, Mary, and Lazarus" (St. John XI. 5).

Moreover, there is the union, or likeness, between the model and its copy. The masterpiece exhibits the force and personality of its maker. A poem or a building give internal evidence of a given period, a certain nationality, a definite creator, for the ideas of the poet and

architect are part of the fiber of their souls. This is woven into the fabric of their genius which they bequeath to posterity as a model to be copied. Enter an art museum. Seek a masterpiece—a Raphael, a Rembrandt. Before these canvasses stand the artists of today. One notes the infinite difference between the master painter's finished work and the feeble imitation. Under this aspect of union with Jesus there stands out His condescension. Yet by this form of union "the life of Jesus is made manifest in our mortal flesh" (II Cor. IV. 2).

In our catechisms we learned that we are the images of God. In Monsignor's soul this imaging was pronounced. "He looks like God," was a babe's unconscious tribute. His fatherliness reminded us of the Father in Heaven. By the sacred rite of ordination Francis Joseph Van Antwerp become another Christ. He delighted to seek the Sacramental Jesus "early in the morning and wear out the footstep of His door." Enter his confessional and see how his priestly hands wore a mark in the slides. I have knelt on his prie-dieu and felt the ridges on the kneeler. One might say that he wore out the Tabernacle key in communicating his people. It was his wish "to spend and be spent for your souls" (II. Cor. XII. 15). Was not this life of sacrifice a "never-ending Mass"?

There is a hymn to the Holy Ghost: "Veni Sancte Spiritus." One stanza, "Veni Pater Pauperum," (Come, Thou, Father of the Poor) shows how the Third Person of the Holy Trinity was mirrored in Monsignor's soul. How he loved the poor! On the day of his funeral an aged man and his wife knelt in the vestibule. They would not enter the church; they felt that their raiment was not in keeping. They told their sorrow. "Father Van" had paid their rent for twelve years and every week came a basket from this other Francis, lover of the poor—this modern Poverello.

Finally, there exists that holy relationship of the Lover of souls and His beloved expressed by the singer of the Canticle of Canticles: "My beloved to me and I to him, who feedeth among the lilies" (Cant. II. 16). There is nothing more sacred than the union of the frequent communicant and the Sacramental Lord. Timid hearts of catacombal days were made courageous. For Agnes, Thecla, Agatha fed on the lily-

white flesh of their Spouse. Jesus was the figurative Pelican giving the boy-martyrs, Pancratius and Tarcisius, His own Sacred Blood under the species of the Consecrated Wine. So they bared their breasts to their persecutors. Upon them had reposed the Sacramental Christ.

The Holy Eucharist is the great Sacrament of union with Jesus, our Friend. How repeatedly have you heard Monsignor preach this truth! Communion—unio cum Christo! For the word, like so many others in our language, comes from the Latin. It signifies union with—union with Christ.

Thus ends the meditation.

Now "bitter constraint and sad occasion drear" bring me to bid farewell to our dear departed pastor and friend. Remember him as the shepherd of this flock of Christ. He taught you the charity of Christ. "The Son of Man came not to destroy souls but to save." The press of our city in editorials has stressed the Christliness of Monsignor Van Antwerp. "Be kind to your neighbors," a holy admonition frequently uttered by your shepherd. Keep the pleasing sounds of his voice in your memory and there hold them prisoner. Hold fast to his doctrine; recall his zealous discourses and lock them in your heart. Would it not be his desire that you, his people, take up the Eucharistic work left undone by nerveless fingers marked by death? Dear parishioners, you may answer in your hearts the challenge: "He taught me and said: Let thy heart receive my work" (Prov. IV. 5).

With all the younger clergy and seminarians I shall lovingly remember Monsignor as the shadow of Christ. The vaguest of images is the shadow. What is it? A picture without a canvas, a form without substance. Features, color and all the variants that identify a man are lost; a silhouette cast on the sands which one may touch but cannot hold. That is a shadow. There are folk who cast shadows of suspicion, fear, death. Shadows that portend the coming darkness. The shadows of evil example that sinners cast over the lives of their kin, neighbor, fellow-workman.

In the Acts of the Apostles we read that the sick were placed along the way where St. Peter was to walk. "And when his shadow fell upon

them they were healed." In this goodly sense of the shadow do we see Monsignor's example touching on the lives of Catholics and non-Catholics. We see him like one of those costly pieces of alabaster behind which a light is placed to demonstrate its pellucid beauty, a figure illuminated by an inner shining sanctity.

Now our thoughts turn to his loved ones. We are here today to offer sympathy to the Monsignor's cloistered sister "hid with Christ in God" (Coloss. III. 3). A message of consolation to Monsignor's venerable brother in his sorrow: "Thy brother shall rise again." With all his other relatives, with the members of his household, his parishioners, his friends, we stand on the common ground of Christian hope in the disposition of God's Providence which does all things well.

"Thy tabernacle is in peace." Forty-one years of labor here at "Rosary." The burden of debt lifted. A rich heritage of priestly life bequeathed to us. Thus have you "entered into the grave in abundance, as a heap of wheat is brought in its season" (Job V. 20). In the early dawn of his year of jubilee he yielded his soul to God. It is our hope that our pastor and friend found a kindly Judge and was accorded a favorable judgment. Our hope lies in the words of St. Peter Chrysologus: "The hands of the poor are the hands of Christ, through them we send our riches to Heaven before us, whereby we obtain God's pity and the grace of salvation."

Father in Heaven, we are grateful that You have vouchsafed him for a pillar of light when the shadows of evil came upon us. We commend his soul to Our Lady of the Rosary. We beg of his patron saint, the gentle Francis of Sales, that he remember this almsman of Christ. To his other patron, St. Joseph, we pray for ourselves to die, as did our beloved Monsignor, "in the Lord."

Dear Master, may he be for us still a memory and a holy lamp to our feet on the way to Heaven and to You, Lord Jesus. May we keep his name in our prayers. May we remember him not only as the shadow of Christ but as the Blessed Christ Himself.

May he rest in peace! Amen.

Recollections

Francis Van Antwerp At Assumption College

By THE REV. ROBERT MCBRADY, C. S. B.
of St. Michael's College, Toronto

I HAVE BEEN INVITED to revive my memories of an elder day and relate what I know of Msgr. Van Antwerp's earlier days in Assumption College. These earlier days were very busy days for the members of the small college-staff. Lessons which were learned years before had to be re-read before venturing to teach them in the class-room. We were four masters and, over and above the hours spent in the class-room, we four were chargeable in one way or another with the entire discipline of the college.

I mention this detail in the hope that knowledge of it will invite my readers to refrain from wondering at the few details I shall be able to give.

It was in the early days of January 1871 that Frank Van Antwerp made his first appearance in Assumption College. He came in the evening, I remember the occasion well; there was no one to receive him except myself. His father and mother were with him. He was some twelve or thirteen years of age, well-grown, with a face which invited the onlooker to look again. He did not come my way in the class-room, at least not for some time. What I remember best is what I saw of him at play in the midst of his fellows. He was a strong, vigorous lad, fond of play and, if his presence chanced to be needed, he could always be found where play was liveliest and excitement highest. He seemed to be on good terms with everybody, and no wonder! for he was the kindliest of boys just as later on he was the kindliest of men. He never was happier than when rendering service. This note ran through his entire life while I lived in the same house with him and saw him many times every day at work and at play. Hence those of us who belong to that earlier day have never wondered nor expressed surprise when we have been told of the activities of his later life.

That later life, he began to live in College. He was in his simple unostentatious way one of the most pious boys I ever came to know.

Piety seemed to be an instinct in his case and this instinct which, no doubt, was a gift from home, grew with his years and developed as his life wore on. Time and again I saw instances of it when I chanced to visit him in Holy Rosary Parish House. He moved about with an ever present consciousness of what he owed to God and to his neighbor. It was beautiful in the boy in a small way: in the man it told of hourly, saintly living.

I know that there are incidents many which I should be glad to relate, were it not that they are so far back in my head that no grappling hook of mine can reach them. If one could muster a group of boys of the years between 1870 and 1875 and the talk came to turn upon Van, hosts of incidents would revive and take shape and countless scenes of the elder days would be lived over again. It may not be, with me as with others:

"Jam vigor et quassatu languent in corpore vires
Nec juvenis lusus qui placuere juvant."

Francis Van Antwerp at St. Mary's Seminary

By The Rev. W. Stephen Reilly, S. S., S. T. D., S. S. D.

Francis J. Van Antwerp entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, on September 21st, 1877, to begin his course in Theology. Father Dubreul was then drawing to the end of his long term as superior (1860-1878). The newcomer chose as his director Father Chapon and until the death of that venerable priest in 1915, he was to retain for him the greatest respect and to consult with him very frequently. The seminary was then, as now, conducted by the priests of the Society of St. Sulpice, a community of French clerics dedicated to the work of education of the clergy and established in Baltimore in 1791.

Events of Early Days. The laying of the corner-stone of the present seminary building which was to replace the One Mile Tavern and the buildings which had gathered around it, had taken place the year before. Consequently when Frank Van Antwerp came to Baltimore he was received in the fine brick building which is still the glory of North Paca Street and which was then one of the glories of the city. Two days after his arrival, Father Dubreul notes in the "custom-book" of the seminary: "Sept. 23rd, 1877. The opening of the seminary having been deferred by one week on account of the new building, the retreat has been opened only this evening." The retreat lasted seven full days; the Fathers of the house took turns in addressing the students on the great truths of religion. We may be sure that there was no more attentive listener than the young Detroit seminarian; nor none more impressed. He was pious and good. The stories that he told of himself and those that others told about him—for he was a marked personality even then and apt to be in the center of unusual happenings—never indicated lack of seriousness in regard to the essentials of seminary life. Many a time, in later days, his well-known priestliness, deep conviction and outspoken devotion caused him to be invited to give opening retreats to seminarians and college boys. The sermons which he heard preached in his seminary days by Fathers Dubreul, Dissez, Chapon, McCallen, Fonteneau, André and Magnien were to be preached again by him—*quoad substantiam*—

before many a student audience as well as before the thousands to whom in a ministry of fifty years he spoke the Word of God.

On February 10th, 1878, the seminarians, at that time eighty in number, assisted at the reception of the Pallium by Archbishop Gibbons who had succeeded Archbishop Bayley the previous October; and on February 11th, at the solemn dedication of the new seminary. We may be certain that Frank Van Antwerp's voice was heard in the choir, in the excellence of which Fr. Dubreul gloried. On this occasion, after listening to a magnificent address by Msgr. Conroy, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, who was then on a mission to the United States, fourteen Archbishops and Bishops and nearly one hundred and fifty priests preceded the clerics of the seminary to the foot of the altar to renew their clerical promises. "Soon afterward," writes Fr. Dubreul, "dinner took place and the new refectory accommodated all the strangers and seminarians, about two hundred and fifty . . . The Delegate gave three holidays to the community." It may be surmised that Frank Van Antwerp took part in the cheering—possibly in a "Paca Street Yell."

A Live Seminarian. Father Boyer, who arrived in Baltimore in the Fall of 1879 and contracted a life-long friendship with Frank Van Antwerp, assures us that he was a thoroughly good seminarian, only "of course" he was "lively" and in all the fun that was going on. To the end he could sing the song in which seminary food was treated disrespectfully and tell of pranks which went to prove that there was some levity in his conduct. Fr. Boyer recalls one of them. It is of course contrary to the rules and traditions of St. Sulpice that a person of the female sex should get beyond the parlor which is right near the front door. But one day when the porter was dozing, a lady entered the house, went right into the cloister and had got away down near the big staircase which goes up to the treasurer's room before she was discovered and put out. A number of seminarians, including Frank Van Antwerp, formed a procession and proceeded to "exorcise" the house and the seminarian whom the visitor was looking for. Such pranks are not usually taken account of even by the faculty and there was no doubt in anyone's mind that there were the makings of an excellent priest in the lively young Detroiter.

The New Superior. In 1878 Father Dubreul died and was succeeded as President of the seminary by Father Magnien who was destined to rule the seminary and to exercise a far-reaching influence outside the seminary until his death in 1902. Father Magnien, or "The Abbé" by which title he was better known, was Frank Van Antwerp's superior for the two years he was still to remain in the seminary. He had a great influence on his life. He was learned, eloquent, thoroughly alive to the needs of his adopted country. It is commonly admitted that he mellowed with age—an admission that he was somewhat severe in his early days. There was one act of severity under his administration which must be spoken of here and the Abbé himself was chiefly to blame for it. It was in connection with the subject of this biography and that subject forgave it but never forgot it—nor let the Abbé forget it, notwithstanding his plea to let by-gones be by-gones. To put the terrible case in language understandable to all who have been in Sulpician seminaries, Frank Van Antwerp was "clipped" for sub-deaconship at the end of the school year 1879-1880 on account of his levity, which was, of course, nothing but youthful high spirits. He was, however, ordained sub-deacon without delay by his Bishop, who had long known him intimately and had no misgivings in regard to the alleged levity. The faculty of the seminary probably thought that the deferring of the call to ordination would make even better one whom they admitted to be "really good." It is an interesting question whether or not this talented, pious, attractive young man would have been improved by a little more gravity. He might indeed have risen higher in the Church but he might have lost that indescribable charm which enabled him to reach so many hearts which would have been repelled by a sterner manner. The question brings to mind a story told of three distinguished Baltimore ecclesiastics. Msgr. Mackin was seated at table between Bishop Corrigan and Msgr. Starr. During the meal Msgr. Mackin remarked: "It strikes me as strange that you, Owen (the bishop), are raised up by your gravity and you, William (the Monsignor), are kept down by your levity."

A Magnanimous Friend of St. Sulpice. Frank Van Antwerp kept no grudge. On the contrary no alumnus of the house was ever more loyal to the friends he had made there of all the Fathers and all his

fellow-students. It must have been a real sacrifice for him to save up enough money (he was constantly giving away what came to him) to found the two burses to which we find reference in the letters between himself and Fr. Dyer, the successor of Fr. Magnien. Any need of St. Mary's, or of the Sulpicians in the United States, found him ready "to give till it hurt." When he entered the seminary all the professors were French except Fr. McCallen. When Americans began to join the Society, there arose the problem of paying the expenses of their education. The Sulpicians had not saved money. On one occasion when, as often happens, the fund for "general expenses," i. e. those not connected with any one seminary, had been exhausted, Fr. Viéban, who is in charge of the "Solitude," as the novitiate is called, wrote to some friends of the Society asking help. Father Van Antwerp immediately sent $500 and in subsequent years remembered the needs of the Solitude without any reminder.

When the late Fr. Boone founded his Adirondack Camp—Camp St. Mary at Long Lake—he had to confine his appeal chiefly to priests who were not alumni of Sulpician houses because the alumni were being asked to help with the building of more important establishments to meet the needs of a rapidly growing number of seminaries. He was allowed, however, to make some exceptions in cases where it was clear that even multiplied appeals would cause no offense. Of course, Father Van Antwerp was no exception and he contributed $50 a year from 1915 to 1930.

The appeal of the alumni association for funds to build a new chapel for the old St. Mary's, for the Sulpician Seminary in Washington, for the new St. Mary's in Baltimore found him ever ready to do his share and to do much more than might have been expected.

St. Mary's under Fr. Dyer. In 1902 Fr. Magnien was succeeded by the Rev. Edward Dyer, the first American superior of St. Mary's and the first Provincial of the Sulpicians in the United States. Fr. Dyer had been a class-mate of Fr. Van Antwerp in seminary days and the friendship begun in early youth was maintained unbroken until the death of the former in 1925. Father Van Antwerp came to Baltimore for all celebrations when it was at all possible and thus kept in close touch not only with Fr. Dyer but with all the professors there. Everyone of them

felt that he was a warm personal friend. Frequent letters were exchanged between Detroit and Baltimore. Two examples must suffice: Justifying the degree which St. Mary's wished to confer on Fr. Van Antwerp, Fr. Dyer wrote on May 3rd, 1918: "We have wished here at the seminary, dear Father Van, for a good long time past to confer upon you the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Your preaching and writing in the exposition and defending of the doctrines of the Church show all that the degree should stand for and it is only on such that we desire to confer it." Father Van Antwerp replied, May 9th: "Rest assured I keenly appreciate the signal honor my Alma Mater at Baltimore would confer on me and I hereby express my deep sense of gratitude to its Faculty for this new expression of kindness towards me."

Lectures at St. Mary's. It was a pleasure for all at St. Mary's to see Msgr. Van Antwerp take the President's chair at "Spiritual reading," i. e. the conference by which a Sulpician superior, at the end of the day's work, inspires the students to live up to the principles of clerical life as they work out in a seminary, and give them information about life in the priesthood and the manner in which they are to meet its duties. At times Monsignor Van Antwerp would give an unusual turn to ascetical doctrine, as when he lectured on "holy obstinacy" in sticking to principles.

When he came to Baltimore on the occasion of Fr. Dyer's funeral, Nov. 6th, 1925, he spoke to the community about his dead class-mate and friend, pointing out that "to do God's will was the principle of his life." "I can," he said, "see Father Dyer as a seminarian; being a man of faith he was as happy as the day is long. He maintained that he could not be happy in the seminary unless he conformed his will to the will of God. 'This,' he often said, 'makes seminary life what God intends it should be: a sincere preparation for the work which we are to do in His priesthood.' If you want to carry out God's will in your particular field, then you must lay the foundations right here and now." Such are the principles he, as well as his friend Edward Dyer, had lived on in the seminary and in the priesthood. A fortnight later he presided over the meeting of St. Mary's Alumni Association, of which he had been president for years; the meeting was chiefly a memorial to Fr. Dyer.

In Recent Years. The friendship which Msgr. Van Antwerp had given Fr. Dyer was extended to his successor, Father John F. Fenlon who, like all Sulpicians, made the Monsignor's house his headquarters when in Detroit and thus shared with a very great number of priests in the hospitality of Holy Rosary Rectory. The Monsignor continued to come to Baltimore for celebrations and business meetings of the Alumni. When the campaign to gather $1000 donations for the new seminary was launched, he had the honor of handing in the first thousand.

The Voice (the seminary magazine) for December, 1926, says, in connection with the Alumni Meeting of the previous month: "An interesting incident in the midst of the speech-making evoked considerable applause. After the speech of Bishop McAuliffe, Monsignor Van Antwerp went up and gave Bishop Hickey a cheque for $1,000. It was the Monsignor's only appearance at the meeting and the Alumni were delighted to see this faithful and beloved old alumnus, apparently in good form after all the buffetings of ill-health and automobile accidents."

He and his nephew, Father Francis F. Van Antwerp, came to see the new St. Mary's and to take part in the Dedication services. No one rejoiced more than Monsignor Van Antwerp to see five hundred seminarians in the place of the eighty that had been at St. Mary's when he entered in 1877 and the fine new buildings which had been put up to solve the housing problem.

On the occasion of this visit, his young friend, Mr. John C. Selner, a third year theologian who was assistant organist, told him that the organ which had been set up in the temporary chapel was really inadequate. The Monsignor, who was always a lover of music, was immediately impressed. This community of seminarians should cultivate a taste for the best; their chant should be accompanied by the tones of the finest organ that could be got into their chapel. How much would it cost? He was told that $5000 more would secure just the right instrument, so he promised the $5000. When he sent the amount, he stipulated that the gift remain anonymous and that a plate be put on the organ, reading: "In Honorem Beatae Mariae Virginis Immaculatae Reginae Cleri."

But the "Voice" had already let the secret out and the value of the

seminary's fine organ is enhanced for everybody by the knowledge that this gift, made with such pure intentions in honor of the Queen of the Clergy and for the good of her children, is at the same time a memorial of the undying love of Francis J. Van Antwerp for St. Mary's Seminary.

Appreciations

An Appreciation of Monsignor Van Antwerp

By Monsignor Doyle

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

"On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake"
Fitz-Greene Halleck

Perhaps the most outstanding traits in the character of Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis J. Van Antwerp, were his generosity and his love for boys. For "Father Van" was generous to a fault and his love for boys, his interest in their future, never lagged. He was the very personification of the highest type of true, genuine charity, and the noble traits of his character which set him apart as a leader of men, will ever keep his memory green in the hearts of those who knew him.

For close to half a century, Father Van was pastor of the church of Our Lady of the Rosary, and during this long period of service, his love for young men was well illustrated. He literally spent his life in fostering vocations to the priesthood, and his interest in his boys did not stop even when they chose other than that high calling for their future careers. Ever the advisor, the confidant of youth, helping young men to plan their lives, Father Van showed the same lovable interest in his boys, no matter where their lines of endeavor ran, and his purse, like his heart, was ever open to their calls.

No other man, it would seem, could throw his arms around a boy, to touch his heart, and draw out his confidence, as Father Van could do it. He was ever the idol of boyhood and remained the ideal of the boy, grown to manhood. The ideal priest in every sense of the word, his own life, like the pages of an open book, was the magic wand that drew young men to him by the hundred.

This trait of Father Van was again shown in his love for preaching retreats—preaching them, not in great cathedrals nor to mixed congregations, but ever to boys and young men—in schools, colleges and

seminaries. In this way, Father Van helped youth to decide its future and then helped it on its way—financially as with his ever present care and advice and counsel.

The love for work among boys outshone all other priestly activities of Father Van, and during his entire life, he devoted more of his time and more of his funds to this than to any other cause which attracted and held his interest. It was for Father Van, an outstanding work of love. His life was one long self-denial and sacrifice and he gave of his bounty, to a fault.

Oft-times, it is true, he was disappointed in his work with boys, but never discouraged. The failure of one boy only caused this gentle priest to work the harder with the next, and the last decade of his long and useful life found him engrossed in this phase of his work.

The building of the Sacred Heart Seminary in Detroit, added stimulus to his love for work among boys. While other works were pressing him for time, Father Van gave unstintingly to the Seminary, hearing confessions, preaching retreats, advising, counseling, making friends among the boys, to the very end. One of his last priestly duties before death came upon him, was hearing confessions at the Seminary one rainy afternoon, when he might have found ease and rest within the comfortable walls of Rosary rectory.

When many of his boys were admitted to the priesthood, they held Father Van as their example, their model, after whom they would strive to pattern their lives. Perhaps, after all it was the example of his own devotions that most impressed and gave to Father Van, the great power of his influence over youth. These private devotions impressed many young men with the desire to study for the priesthood—to follow in the footsteps of their ideal—their companion and leader. At twilight, Father Van was invariably found making the Stations of the Cross—alone—in the church that he loved. With his rosary in his hands, he could be found walking through the garden, in the rear of his home, or reading his breviary among the flowers that he loved and so carefully tended.

To speak of Father Van is to speak of a high ideal—one filled with

that Christian charity that perhaps ever will remain the "rarest thing under the sun." He served his God truly and well, and his footprints on the sands of time preach a sermon that youth for generations to come, will heed and understand. Gone from our sight, we may well say, as was said of the deathless Lincoln: "Now, he belongs to the ages."

Monsignor Van Antwerp as a Parish Priest

By The Rev. George Clarson
Rector of St. Mary's, Marshall, Mich.

Some Months Ago all Detroit was grief stricken at the announcement of Monsignor Van Antwerp's death. For though it was known that his health was seriously impaired by arduous labor and unremitting attention to duty, it was hoped that his vigorous constitution would enable him to survive the latest ordeal to which he was subjected.

The attitude of the faithful towards their spiritual Father is an insoluble puzzle to those outside the fold. The Catholic priest who gives his life to the service of God and humanity, who is the ambassador of Christ and dispenser of the mysteries of the Most High commands a degree of reverence and affection unattainable, and indeed inconceivable by those who do not understand the nature of the Christain priesthood. To the Catholic the priest is the representative of the Great King, sent into this world to do the King's work, raised to an office that places him between God and man, the guardian of the spiritual life of the world. As the minister of the Sacraments he is the center of God's work on earth. He receives the soul at birth, guards, directs it through life, and at death bids it go forth in safety and confidence on its journey to Him who created it. In the language of the Gael he is the "Saggorth Aroon." "Saggorth" a title of reverence connoting the majesty of divine power that he wields. "Aroon" a term of love and endearment that has no equivalent in the English language. Father Van Antwerp was at all times the Saggorth Aroon, the faithful guardian of his people.

It is not as a builder of costly Churches or stately mansions that Father Van Antwerp's name will go down to posterity. His fame rests on a more solid foundation. It is the spiritual temple which he labored to erect that will perpetuate his name and will render it hallowed for generations to come. Nature and grace combined to make him a remarkable man—an attractive presence, a voice of singular sweetness and melody, courtly manners, scrupulous regard for the opinion of others made him almost the antitype of Cardinal Newman's ideal gentleman.

Buildings of Rosary Parish

It is no exaggeration to say that for close on half a century he was the most striking ecclesiastical personality in Detroit. His spiritual gifts were no less remarkable. He possessed the supernatural virtues of faith, hope and charity, in an eminent degree. Catholics and non-catholics had daily opportunities to witness and admire the remarkable combination of qualities supernatural and social which he brought to the discharge of his duties.

Monsignor was a many sided man: as a preacher he stood if not first in the very first line. His skill as a director of souls was abundantly evinced by the frequent demands made upon him to conduct retreats for Sisters, students and various pious organizations—such as the Holy Name Society and Knights of Columbus, etc. His Charity was boundless—the poor he had always with him, they were the objects of his special predilection.

"His home was known to all the vagrant train.
He chid their wanderings,
But relieved their pain."

The homeless priest found in his house a refuge and in the Rector a counselor and sympathetic friend.

But the field most congenial to his tastes was that of the Good Shepherd, here he displayed those qualities that most of all endeared him to his flock: the erring sheep he sought with untiring zeal. At the bed side of the dying sinner he was an angel of mercy and peace. In the confessional he discharged, up to the last, the onerous duties of that tribunal of mercy with a sweetness and devotion worthy of the disciple of his divine Master. Tireless himself he was apt to grow impatient with those who were not equally indefatigable.

"In his duty prompt at every call
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
And as a bird, each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way."

As was to be expected from a man of his character the cause of Christian education was dear to his heart. He realized that it is of

little use to build great churches unless care be taken that the rising generation be trained to frequent them. The children of today will be the leaders of to-morrow and the great battle between the Church and the world rages over their education. Day by day, school, college and university are becoming more openly pagan, and the reason for the growth of materialistic socialism is to be found in the teaching for which the people pay and pay dearly. To offset this evil Father Van Antwerp, in addition to an excellent parochial school established an Academy for young men and placed it under the able direction of the Basilian Fathers.

Limitation of space will not permit me to speak of his numerous other activities: his interest in the children after their school days were ended: of the religious vocations he fostered, of his generosity in defraying the expense of several aspirants to the priesthood, of his ability as a public speaker, of his civic influence, for there was nothing that made for the betterment of the city and state in which he was not vitally interested. His public utterances were always eloquent and impressive. But in his daily intercourse with his parishioners he was simple and sympathetic, just what the good pastor should be. In private life Father Van was a delightful companion. He could not hurt a human being, there was no such thing as aggressiveness in his make up. The presence of Fr. Van was sufficient to enliven the dullest of gatherings and leave a pleasant memory in the minds of those who met him.

In his more intimate relations with his penitents, with those who came to him for counsel or with others who came to him for advice and sympathy from him as a priestly director, Father Van was a faithful imitator of his special patron, St. Francis. His benignity and charity attracted many who had not the courage to go to any one else.

In his last moments the spirit of faith and piety did not desert him. He met the supreme moment with a holy fortitude that must have edified those who stood sorrowing around him. And so passed from amongst us a man of rare character, a powerful preacher of the truths of religion, a dignified minister at the altar, a lover of knowledge and an ardent advocate of its diffusion amongst the masses of the people. To say that he had no faults would be to assert that he was more than human

which he himself would be the first to disclaim. In his long career it is but natural that there should be a mistake here and there, but they were so trivial in comparison with his noble deeds that we may rest assured they will be looked upon with a lenient eye by Him whom he so faithfully served.

His obsequies manifested the high esteem in which he was held by all classes of the Community and the universal sorrow felt at his loss. The presence of two Archbishops, and five bishops showed the regard in which he was held by the Episcopate. On the morning of the funeral the Church of the Holy Rosary was crowded in every part just as so often before the devoted flock came to hear the words of sacred eloquence from his lips. Rarely if ever did such a funeral procession wend its way through the City of Detroit. Every class, creed, and profession was numerously represented, from the millionaire to the poor man who had been the recipient of his bounty. In fine he was a good priest, a zealous worker in the vineyard of the Lord and an irreparable loss to the diocese of Detroit.

May he rest in peace.

Monsignor Van Antwerp and the Church Extension Society

By The Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelly, d. d.
Bishop of Oklahoma

When The Idea Of establishing the Church Extension Society came to me, one of the first I consulted was Father Van Antwerp. While only "one of the first" he was, however, the very first to offer practical encouragement. In general the advice I received was rather "spotted"; "It's not needed"; "It's none of your business"; "You can't succeed"; "The Bishop won't like it"; "We ought to have such a work but how could a young fellow like you do it?" etc., etc. Father Van Antwerp's reception of the idea was entirely different. I can sum up what he said from memory. "It's a fine idea and the Church in America needs the work. Of course, you are young, but if you are prudent there is no reason why you should not succeed. You can count on me to help you financially and otherwise. Of course I will go to any meetings that are called and do the best I can to help get the movement on its feet. Work and pray and everything will come out all right. If it is the will of God that you do this thing, you are going to do it."

Father Van Antwerp attended the first meeting. There are very few left of the original nineteen members. All the bishops who were at that meeting are dead, as are most of the priests and laymen. I doubt if more than five of the original members are still alive. So far as my recollection goes they are Msgr. Jennings of Cleveland, Father O'Reilly of St. Louis, Mr. Roe of Detroit, Mr. Baldus of Chicago, and myself. Father Van Antwerp was present also at the second meeting when the organization work was completed. As soon as he arrived back home from the meeting he sent a check for one hundred dollars, a large amount in those days. That would have been the first donation received had it not been that a newsboy at Port Huron gave me the famous "first dollar" on my way home. Father Van Antwerp's check arrived the next morning. When we needed the counsel of the original nineteen Father Van Antwerp never missed a meeting. It was only when the Board grew large and the work was on a safe footing that he now and then missed;

but he never failed to keep in close touch with the Society. He was always proud of its success. I doubt if I would have had the courage to approach Archbishop Quigley after having been turned down by two other Archbishops had it not been for Father Van Antwerp. There were plenty of pessimists but few optimists. Father Van Antwerp was one of the few.

Monsignor Van Antwerp and the National Shrine

By Monsignor Bernard A. McKenna, d. d.

The first suggestion for erection of a great National Shrine to Our Blessed Mother was made by Rev. J. J. Aboulin, C. S. B., of Detroit, Mich. He proposed the idea to Monsignor F. J. Van Antwerp, L. L. D., vicar general of the Detroit diocese and pastor of Our Lady of the Rosary parish, who agreed to write to Cardinal Gibbons, with whom he was well acquainted. This letter was accompanied by $1,000 as the first subscription.

"Father Van," As He Was Known affectionately to Catholics and Protestants alike before his elevation to the monsignorate, was the epitome of the fatherly hospitable, kindly man of God. Friend and benefactor of all who came to his door, he stinted neither purse nor energies to relieve their distress. In later years, after he had attained to high honors, his friends still referred to him by the affectionate diminutive.

He was the humble priest of a retiring nature, almost shy. Yet he was known far outside the limits of the parish in which he labored most of the long priesthood, and to him came honors unusual in the life of a simple priest.

Prelates and princes of the church have sought his hospitality, which bore a wide reputation; honors came to him directly from the Pope; and he was given many of the powers of a bishop. Indeed, had it not been for the encroachment of the years which had brought about a less rugged state of health, "Monsignor Van" probably would have been made a bishop, for he was regarded as being ideally qualified for such responsibility.

Msgr. Van Antwerp, who was 72 years old, had just entered the fiftieth year of his priesthood when death ended his long service. He was ordained May 6, 1881, at the Chapel of Assumption College, Sandwich, Ont., by Bishop G. H. Borgess, and would have celebrated his fiftieth jubilee next May.

Monsignor Van Antwerp and the Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit, Mich.

By The Very Rev. Daniel J. Ryan, L. L. D., Rector

No Estimate of Monsignor Van Antwerp's priestly work could be complete unless it paid at least a passing tribute to the interest which he ever took in students for the priesthood. I am asking you therefore, if you would kindly grant space, in the proposed memorial book, to these few lines of appreciation for the fatherly assistance and encouragement, which always marked the Monsignor's attitude towards the work of Sacred Heart Seminary.

I do not refer to the very active part which he took in the establishment of the seminary itself; that we know was characteristic of all the priests of the diocese. What is worthy of note is that very personal interest which Monsignor Van Antwerp continued to have in the work of the seminary after it had already begun to function.

Busy as his life necessarily was, in virtue of his many responsibilities, he never allowed the countless claims that were made upon his time to interfere with his "seminary program." Frequently during the school year he arranged to address the students on topics of practical interest and value to them. And if in these conferences he emphasized the obedience, the holiness, the zeal and self-sacrifice, that must characterize the lives of those who would presume to be the spiritual leaders of God's people, we all knew how magnificiently he exemplified in his own life these virtues which he was seeking to make a part of their priestly formation. Pastor of a big parish, and spending many hours every week in his own parish confessional, nevertheless he found time every Friday afternoon to come to the seminary, and assist there with the work of the boys' confessions, and only God and the individual souls can know the spiritual guidance and comfort and consolation, which were the fruits of these weekly visits.

Monsignor Van Antwerp will be missed in the work of Sacred Heart Seminary, as he will be missed in so many phases of Catholic life

in Detroit, but we trust that the influence of his truly priestly example will continue to manifest itself in the life, in the formation, in the ideals of those who are being prepared to carry on his work.

Tributes

The Common Council of the City of Detroit

By Councilman Bradley:

WHEREAS, It is well known that a city's greatness lies in the greatness of its citizens, and whereas God has seen fit to remove from his life of great and noble activity, Monsignor Francis J. Van Antwerp, best known and loved under the simple title of "Father Van," thereby causing a loss to the City of Detroit whose extent cannot be fittingly encompassed in words, and

WHEREAS, This man's labors in the best interests of humanity entitled him to honors and degrees beyond the lot of ordinary men. He gave to our beloved city a long life, rich in constructiveness of soul and mind, and by so doing greatly aided us to take a high place in the ranks of those communities which glory in the good. He was priest and leader when Detroit was small; his tasks were humble but his labor was very great. His passing was marked by the sincere sorrow of hundreds of thousands who had come within the scope of his influence. He led not only in matters pertaining to the soul but in science, in the practical sociology that sought and found immediate results, in helping to build a finer citizenship and in the broad humanitarianism that recognized the values of great purposes. His death was a loss to all who believe in faith, honor, love and the brotherhood of man. Born in Detroit he lived almost his entire span of seventy and two years within our gates and of these he gave over forty to the definite purpose of so living, so teaching and so loving that his fellow men were better for having known him.

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED, that this Common Council, representing the Citizens of Detroit, who admired Father Van Antwerp as priest, humanitarian and man, cause it to be known that we watched, as our fathers before us watched, his teachings and his following of a simple creed, whose watchwords were "Love ye one another," that we knew his gentle faith and kindly spirit over many years aided the sorrowing back to joy, kindled faith where faith had faded, brought peace where there was no peace, raised the fallen, guided the faltering, gave love and sympathy to those in desolation and recognized every good in every man, regardless of creed, race or nation, and be it further

RESOLVED, That we herewith declare our belief that his life and works will live after him and so shine that we who live today and those who come after us can look upon his example of brotherly love with benefit, for he was humble who had a right to be proud; he was kind wherever and whenever kindness was healing, and he was simple where life was complex; he was firm in the faith he held to be right but divinely forgiving for those whose strength was small, and be it further

RESOLVED, That this Common Council extend to the relatives of the late Monsignor Francis J. Van Antwerp our sympathy in the passing of this really great man, and as a further mark of respect that we do now adjourn.

Adopted as follows:

Yeas—Councilmen Bradley, Callahan, Castator, Dingeman, Ewald, Hall, Kronk, Walters and the President—9.

Nays—None.

And the Council then adjourned.

RICHARD W. READING,
City Clerk.

JOHN C. NAGEL,
President.

Detroit Council of the Knights of Columbus

We, being mindful that our Beloved Brother and Spiritual Director, Right Reverend Monsignor Francis J. Van Antwerp, has passed to his Eternal Rest,

THEREFORE, We, the members of Detroit Council, Knights of Columbus, at the regular meeting held on Tuesday, the 5th day of August, A. D. 1930, presented and adopted the following resolutions:

RESOLVED

WHEREAS, the Lord, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to call unto Himself our esteemed Brother and Spiritual Director, Right Reverend Monsignor Francis J. Van Antwerp, and

WHEREAS, our departed Brother has, during his lifetime displayed at all times those noble qualities that endeared him to all who knew him, and

WHEREAS, in his death the Catholic community of Detroit has lost a splendid example; the Catholic charities, a most generous supporter; our Council, a true and loyal Knight; and our City, a representative citizen, therefore,

RESOLVED

That while bowing in humble submission to the dictates of an all-wise Ruler, we, the members of Council No. 305, Knights of Columbus, hereby extend our sincere sympathy to the family of the deceased in this, their hour of sorrow and affliction.

HAVELOCK J. NORTHMORE,
JOS. S. WALKER,
GEO. B. CRAFT,
Committee on Resolutions.

The League of Catholic Women

IN MEMORIAM

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father has called to eternal rest the soul of the Right Reverend Monsignor Francis J. Van Antwerp, P. A. Vicar General of the Diocese of Detroit and pastor of Our Lady of the Rosary Church; and

WHEREAS, In the death of this zealous and loyal son of the Church, this Prelate honored many times by our Holy Father, the Pope; this American respected and beloved far and wide by people of all nationalities and creeds, the League of Catholic Women has suffered the loss of a friend of inestimable worth; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That the Board of Directors of the League of Catholic Women extend to the Diocese of Detroit and to the bereaved family profound sympathy in the mutual sorrow and loss; and be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the late Prelate, a copy be placed in the minutes of the meeting of the Board of Directors, and a copy be published in "The Catholic Woman," official organ of the League of Catholic Women of Detroit.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

LEAGUE OF CATHOLIC WOMEN
OF DETROIT

MRS. CHARLES T. FISHER,
MRS. FRANK R. DOUGALL,
MRS. CHARLES H. SCHUMM,
Committee.

June 27, 1930.

The Christ Child Society

RESOLUTION adopted by The Christ Child Society, at special Meeting held on the 1st day of July, 1930.

WHEREAS it has pleased our Heavenly Father, in his divine Will, Wisdom and Providence, to remove from our midst Monsignor Francis J. Van Antwerp, called from his earthly labors to his eternal reward on the 25th day of June and

WHEREAS Father Van Antwerp's whole life so gloriously exemplified the duties, devotions and virtues of his high calling in the organization and building up of Our Lady of the Rosary Parish where, for 40 years he carried on the Master's work with exemplary patience and constancy, unostentatiously but effectively sowing the good seed, overcoming adverse influences by fervent determination and the exercise of a kindly loving father's care for his flock. He awakened in men all those dormant generous impulses, nourishing them by a display of ready and sympathetic understanding of human frailties and faults, supporting the weak and faltering in the gigantic struggle against sin and evil, gently leading them into paths of righteousness and virtue. He never failed in extending hearty and wholesome hospitality and open handed charity to all, coupled with a quick and ready forgiveness for the truly penitent ones. He went about always seeking opportunities to do good to others, to be of service to mankind as God gave him the light to see the opportunities offered. He everlastingly endeared himself to all his parishioners by his ready capacity to rejoice with them in their successes, to sympathize with them in their griefs and sorrows, to comfort them in sickness and to console them in their last hours. Now

THEREFORE, While we mourn the departure of our cherished Chaplain, Leader and Guide,

While his parishioners are deeply stricken by the loss of their well beloved Priest, Father and Counsellor,

While the Church misses the whole hearted, unstinting labors and inspiringly wise counsels of a loyally devoted son,

While the City earnestly regrets the passing of a lovable, outstanding, useful and patriotic citizen,

We are content in the consoling thought that Heaven itself must have been enriched by our loss.

JESSICA R. BRADY,
President.

VERA REAUME,
Cor. Sec.

The George F. Monaghan Council of the Knights of Columbus

WHEREAS Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to call forth from our midst, and from his field of religious endeavor, our dearly beloved friend and brother, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis J. Van Antwerp; and

WHEREAS Msgr. Francis J. Van Antwerp has endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact, and especially the members of the Knights of Columbus, with many of whom, in our own Council, he was personally acquainted;

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED That George F. Monaghan Council, No. 2690, of the Knights of Columbus, extend their sincerest sympathy and offer their condolence to the relatives and members of the family of the late Msgr. Francis J. Van Antwerp and to the parishioners of Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary Congregation, whom he served so faithfully and untiringly for more than two score years;

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED That a copy of this Resolution be spread upon the minutes of our Council and copies thereof be forwarded to the immediate relatives, and the Pastor of Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary Parish;

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED That a copy be also forwarded to the Michigan Councillor, for publication.

(The above Resolution was adopted by George F. Monaghan Council at its regular meeting of July 16, 1930.

HARRY G. REIGNER,
Recorder.)

Newspapers' Tribute

THE HIGH esteem in which Monsignor Van Antwerp was held by the city at large was shown by editorial comment in three local daily newspapers, namely The Detroit News, The Detroit Free Press, and The Detroit Times.

The News—"Msgr. Francis J. Van Antwerp leaves the vast congregation of those who trusted him with memories far richer and more significant than the honors that so justly came to him. They will remember, wherever they may be, the priest who was wholly a man, the man who never forgot his calling, and one who interpreted his duty with a broadminded Christian understanding that excluded none and invited all.

"It would be difficult to find, even in this day of metropolitan grandeur and complex groups, anyone who, knowing 'Father Van,' was out of sympathy with him. He had that rare and beautiful genius which touches life comprehendingly on all sides; unswerving in his own faith, he never lacked perception for the motives of others; judging sincerity as he saw it, he recognized the value of fine purpose; and others, sensing this, gave back to him the generous token of their own confidence."

The Free Press—"By reason of his background and abilities, large opportunities presented themselves to Msgr. Van Antwerp in the course of his more than three score and ten years, and unflaggingly he made conscientious use of them. In the larger, finer sense of the word, he was a gentleman. He likewise was a man among men. He was a pastor of wide sympathy and broad outlook, and he was always at the service of any person who sought aid or counsel. He had the courage from which self-forgetfulness is born, and his life was seasoned with many quiet heroisms.

"The honors Monsignor Van Antwerp received from his Church were unsought. They were a recognition compelled by his worth."

The Times—"Monsignor Van Antwerp was the ideal parish priest of that era. His creed was the simple creed of tolerance, kindliness,

patience, charity and unobtrusive good citizenship. It is indicative of his character that, though he moved buoyantly into the clamorous time that is now, he never lost hold of the tenets of his simple creed.

"That is why all who knew him loved him. That is why men and women who have gone far, with the years, from Holy Rosary parish, will miss him. They pay tribute today, not primarily to the eminent prelate, the confrere of bishops, the leader of his Church; but rather to their parish priest—Father Van."

Rt. Rev. Msgr. F. J. Van Antwerp, who went to spend in Heaven the triduum of the Feast of the Sacred Heart

In Memoriam

of Another Christ

"Who also went about doing good."

1 1 1

Who shall be our Comfort,
Now our Comfort's fled
With the throng of Angels
Waiting at his bed.

Who shall tell us "grieve not,
Though the Cross be great!"
Who shall give us courage
When the heart would break.

Steps we saw were slowing,
Still we'd keep him here
As our inspiration,
Living flame of prayer.

Well he loved his people,
His parish, school, his pride:
The very walls revered him
And grieved the day he died.

No dear, familiar figure
Will walk with Christ each night
Along the Via Crucis;
The Tabernacle light

Will search in vain to find him
Who's gone away to God
Who was his sweet Companion
In every path he trod.

A "Rosary" of priest-sons
He's left as legacy
And they shall be our comfort
And his joy—eternally!

ROSEMARY K. BEATTIE,
Pupil, Holy Rosary School, 1908-1920.

Date Due

May 23 '44			
JY 1 '69			

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